

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

LITTLE MARY MIXUP Why Not Ask the Fire to Burn Slowly?



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—A Light Let Into a Dark Plot!



WHO'S TO BLAME

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

A girl is only as pretty as she is at 10 a.m.

CHAPTER NO. 51.
TEN A. M.

Mrs. Mason was up at ten o'clock next day. She did not look forward to the task that confronted her with any pleasure. Mrs. Mason had asked her to take to her young wife, and give her some good advice. There was enough for Mrs. Mason. Her son-in-law had to ask twice for her good offices.

And Mrs. Mason purposely timed her call for the middle of the morning. She knew at 10 o'clock Freddie would have been down town for almost two hours. She guessed that she might find Estrella still in bed. She was right.

Sarah, her daughter-in-law's maid, opened the door very quietly for Mrs. Mason. In the way that one does when one fears to awaken someone. Freddie's mother decided to practice a little artful deception. So:

"Good morning, Sarah," said she, in a clear, firm voice. Her voice rang through the two tiny rooms of which the Mason, Jr. apartment consisted. Sarah looked startled at the apparition before her. Mrs. Mason had engaged her in the first place, and Sarah's practiced eye had recognized energy and system in that lady's general characteristics. And Sarah knew the condition of the Mason, Jr. apartment at 10 o'clock in the morning. Accordingly:

"Good morning, ma'am; good morning," she stammered. "You certainly are an early bird!"

"Early bird?" said Mrs. Mason. "It's after 10 o'clock. But I'm sure you're a pardonable mistake with those windows and shades down. The sun is shining outside."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sarah, meekly. "But Mrs. Fred can't sleep if there's any light."

"I can't, either," said Mrs. Mason. She walked across the living room and drew up a window shade. "But that has nothing to do with this hour of the day," she added. "Mrs. Frederick Mason is out, I presume? Marketing?"

JOE'S CAR—Next Time Joe Will Want to See the "Girls" First!



HOROSCOPE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1916.

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Good and evil stars contend this day.

According to astrology, Saturn, Neptune and Mars are in evil aspect, while Jupiter, Mercury and Venus are friendly.

The lunation of this day takes place just before sunrise, and is said to indicate increase in crime.

The financial outlook is most encouraging, and trade should be very active during May.

The lunaries in the third house show greatly increased outlay for railroads and agitation concerning them.

All modes of land travel may be affected unfavorably during the summer months.

Neptune is in a place held to fore-shadow continued propaganda that arouses anxiety.

Saturn on the cusp is believed to denote much illness among children.

Labor is subject to a way that is beneficial, and although strikes are indicated they will not last long, the news declares.

The death of more than one royalty is indicated. An accident that kills a woman is forecast.

Difficulties attending legislation are forewarned by the stars and extraordinary conditions in congress will be much discussed.

Ireland will continue subject to a way that continues to foment unrest and discontent, astrologers predict.

Social problems, many of them presenting new angles, will occupy attention in England and the United States.

There is an aspect making for false reports and ugly rumors, and it is well to prevent the mind from entertaining any evil thought concerning one's neighbor.

This army will make its effects felt in the navy and congress to such an extent that careers may be ruined and just ambitions thwarted.

Some sort of trouble with colonial affairs is prognosticated for Great Britain.

Canada has the forecast of great prosperity that may attract persons from the United States.

Persons whose birthdays it is have the augury of a successful year, but they should be cautious about entrance to a quarrel of any sort. Those who are employed probably will be promoted.

Children born on this day may be rash and high-spirited. Their subjects of teachers was selected with the exception Miss Estelle Knight—who did not apply. The salary of all the teachers was raised \$10 per month.

NAME OXFORD PRINCIPAL.

OXFORD, Miss., April 23. (Sp.)—Prof. A. P. Hudson, of Guilford, has been elected the principal of the Oxford public school. The present corps of teachers was selected with the exception Miss Estelle Knight—who did not apply. The salary of all the teachers was raised \$10 per month.

A Line On Men You Read About

BY K.C.B.

Sir Robert Stevenson Horne's novelties as a British minister of labor has been far from untroubled, and his name has figured conspicuously in the criticisms of the new government formed by Mr. Lloyd George in January.

He had hardly seated himself in office when a series of labor strikes began.

Although the number of industries involved was large, that difficulty was the chief one. Former strikes had been guided by the chief one. Former strikes had been guided by the chief one.

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FROM OUT of my window.
I COULD see her.
A BLOCK away.
AND SHE was all dressed up.
IN A little pink coat.
AND A little pink hat.
AND A long pink ribbon.
AND A little pink bag.
AND PINK bare legs.
AND LITTLE white socks.
AND LITTLE white shoes.
AND IT was Sunday morning.
AND OF all the persons.
ON THE way to church.
THERE WASN'T one.
WHO COMPARED with her.
AND FROM the manner of her walk.
YOU COULD tell she knew it.
AND DOWN at the corner.
JUST BELOW my window.
WERE FOUR of the boys.
FOUR NICE little boys.
ALTHOUGH ROUGH little boys.
AND I knew them all.
FOR THEY live right here.
IN THE very same square.
AND WE speak to each other.
BY OUR very first names.
AND THE little girl.
IS A neighbor, too.
BUT NEVER before.
HAD SHE happened along.
SO MUCH dressed up.
FOR IF truth must be told.
SHE'S A rough little girl.
THOUGH A good little girl.
AND LIVES boys' games.
A LOT better than girls.
AND, ANYWAY.
SHE WAS coming along.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

I have received this week an appeal which I cannot ignore. It is a plea for help. It is a plea for help. It is a plea for help.

I do not find it in my heart to leave unanswered. It is embodied in the following letter:

"My dear Mrs. Woodrow—I am very much undecided as to whether you will give me any consideration. Perhaps you will read my letter and tear it up or pronounce me worthless."

"But, dear Mrs. Woodrow, you are the only one to whom I can turn, and if there is anyone in the wide world who needs help it is I, for I have come to the world's end and am clinging to its edge."

"I am 15 years old, and the phrase, 'a woman with a past,' fits me. Without the last year I have not a man whom I love with all my heart, and who loves me dearly. I am said to be beautiful and I know how to dress and I have many admirers, but all that means nothing to me. There is just one thing I want with all my soul—a home, a husband and children."

"If I tell him about my life I am afraid he may not forgive me; and if I do not, it is pretty sure that some one else will. I have worried so over this that I have become ill. I have lost pounds in one week, and can eat nothing."

"Perhaps there is no way of my ever being happy. Perhaps I must suffer with more than I have. But my suffering more than I have. Please don't refuse to answer this letter."

"A SINNER."

Only 18, and she has come to the world's end. And out of the whole world she has only a writer in a newspaper to whom she can turn. What are all the sermons in the world beside that single statement?

My dear girl, not knowing either you or the man in question, I cannot advise you as to what you should do. I can only treat the matter from an abstract standpoint and quite impersonally.

I went to the movies, not long ago, and saw a play in which the heroine, who had led an irregular life, turned from it and made good in some occupation. She married without telling her husband of her past life. Later he discovered it and there was the usual melodramatic scene. He accused her and she crumpled at his feet, crawling around on the floor and begging to be forgiven.

The other man appeared and there ensued a brutal fight. The woman is wounded in trying to save her husband, and he lifts her in his arms, vowing that he loves her only and will console magnanimously to forget the past.

The sufferer under an attack of mental nausea that I got up and left the theater. It was, however, probably rather a satisfactory ending when there is not a satisfactory beginning. And why this humiliating degradation of the woman?

Suppose that the heroine had stolen a few articles in her life, but had repented and stolen no more. Suppose, then, she marries a thief. He discovers her former pilfering, claps his hand to his brow and exclaims: "I thought I had married an honest woman!"—it wouldn't get over the heart. The audience would laugh the "use screen."

It degrades a whole sex—no, it degrades both sexes—when an iron tradition recognizes only "one sin in a woman as unpardonable; and a man does not hesitate to marry a woman who confesses: 'I lied, I stole, I coveted, I was harsh and unjust in my treatment of others, I bore false witness, I was cruel to the weak, I was unkind to the poor, I was unkind to the old, I was unkind to the young, I was unkind to the sick, I was unkind to the dying, I was unkind to the living, I was unkind to the dead, I was unkind to the whole world.'"

The whole trend of our civilization today is toward equality; equality in education, equality in opportunity, equality in rights. It is inevitable that equality in morals must follow; and for the poor, simply because he is a man, he is called the "world's edge" and is a woman, black is an illogical absurdity.

There has never been a religion which does not teach the forgiveness and remission of sins. Repent and ye shall be saved. "So far as the east is from the west, so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee." "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." I could quote the same statements from the sacred books of all races.

Every sin is sure of its punishment; that is the law of Karma, or cause and effect. But in a world where so many get away with murder, why should we find it necessary every now and then to advertise our own spots, by drawing our stained skirts aside, from some poor wretch who has climbed out of the blackness of the pit and is clinging to the "world's edge" with her bleeding hands?

If we are truly the pure in heart, we do not go about looking for impurity in others. If we are really good, we see in others the angel that lives in us all.

If in weakness and abasement and remorse we may not turn to some heart, secure that we shall find the love that hopeth all things, believeth all things, forgiveth all things, and that heart is love that ours, for we have believed in it and it has failed us.

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There has never been a religion which does not teach the forgiveness and remission of sins. Repent and ye shall be saved. "So far as the east is from the west, so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee." "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." I could quote the same statements from the sacred books of all races.

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AND WHAT, BY THE WAY, IS A SUCCESSFUL WIDOW?

I have been a successful widow for 20 years, and now I am asked by a man of 65 to become his wife. What shall I reply?—Letters to Laura Jean.

FROM WHICH WE INFER HE WAS THE ORIGINAL INHABITANT.

Mr. Pettibone was the initial first pioneer in this section, coming here before anybody else. —Mercerville (la.) Banner.

THE FIRST "ROBIN."

I stirred uneasily in my sleep. 'Twas midnight or thereabouts— I heard a noise, an unusual noise. An intruder was emptying my desk— Noisily, I reach for my gun; He rushed at me—we grappled. He broke away, and with one marvelous spring Cleared the window and made his escape. Then I realized the meaning. "The first robin" of the spring." —Jesse Mittelmann.

They may do a lot of things to the dear old Monroe doctrine, but as yet no one has thought up a way of putting it into motion pictures.

A beauty doctor says keeping the fists clenched will drive away wrinkles around the knuckles. Gosh, the wrinkles Jess Willard must have around his knuckles by now!

BOTH GUILTY.

It seems to me it isn't right To jug a first-class chauffeur For running down upon the street A thirty-third-rate loafer. When any long-tongued gossip Can run good people down And still retain the freedom of The town. —Albert Francis Green.

St. Louis paper says whisky is now 50 cents a drink in that city. The excursion business to St. Louis should increase from now on. That's cheaper than it is anywhere else.

Chicago city directory estimate causes Chicago to claim that she will outstrip Paris in population next year, and it is an interesting question as to how Paris will look when she is outstripped.

They call the Sixty-fifth the "war-congress." And the Salina Journal says it was that, without counting the war over in Europe at all.

ANOTHER PEACE TIME DELICACY RETURNS.

Not so many weeks ago it was impossible to buy barbed wire, the government having gobbled up all supplies for war work, but things have let down and a common scrub citizen can get it now of his hardware dealer if he has money enough. —Smith County (Mo.) Pioneer.

"Out this way," says a Western paper, "we have a way of our own in deporting the Bolshevik. We deport him by putting a rope around his neck, throwing the rope over a limb and guiling."

WORKING FOR TOP.

GRENADA, Miss., April 23. (Sp.)—The Liberty loan committee for Grenada county have been working continuously for the next week in an effort to put Grenada and Grenada county over the top in the drive. Thus far about \$120,000 has been subscribed. This county is now about \$20,000 behind with its quota. The county chairman expects to put the county over the top before Monday night.

Read News Scimitar Wants.